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The Lehigh

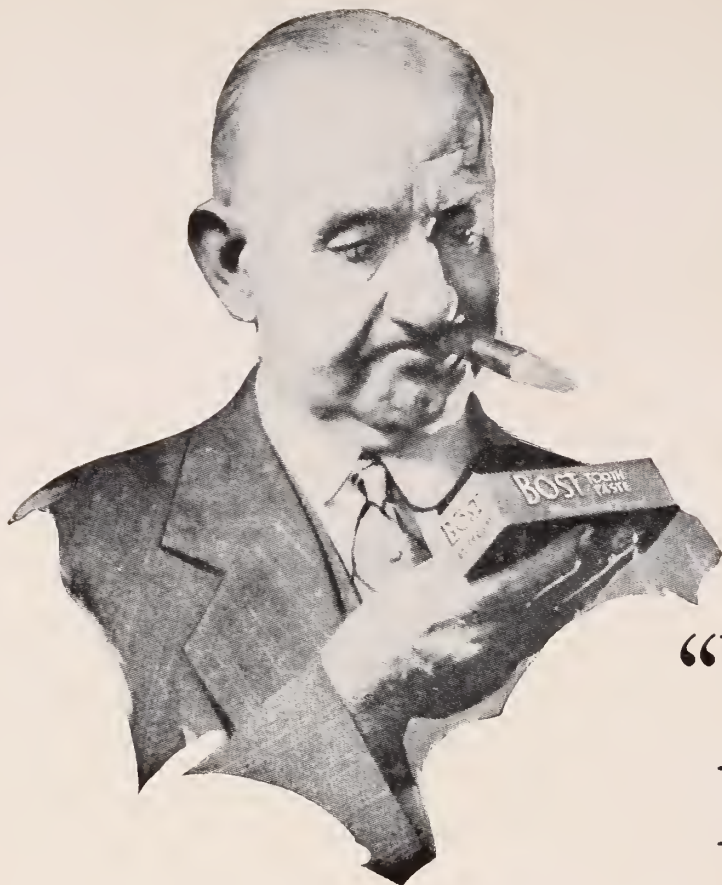
BURR



- NORMAN ALPER -

ON WITH THE DANCE

JANUARY 1933... 25 CENTS



“Wish I’d
had this
40 years ago”

N*o use wishing!* This man, like countless others, was born a bit too soon. The best he can do is to start right now to Bost-clean those tobacco-stained teeth of his.

Now think of yourself. If your teeth show any dingy discoloration, get right at them. Don’t waste a day. Bost for yours. And won’t you bless the day that Dr. Bost started on his quest for a new and different dentifrice that would really be the smoker’s friend.

If your teeth still are in perfect condition—keep ’em that way. Give them a Bost brushing three times a day. Bost uses an innocent oil to *dissolve* stain from your teeth. It has no abrasives of any kind. Its action is dental—its effect amazing. Try it, why don’t you? There’s nothing like it. You’ll like two things—the way your teeth look and the way your mouth tastes. Use the coupon.



You make
this test

The Smoker’s Friend

MAIL THIS COUPON

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Send 10 cents for week’s supply to Bost, Inc., Dept. H,
9 East 40th Street, New York.

NAME

ADDRESS

MY DRUGGIST IS

To Billy and All the Lads

{Yow Suh!}



HEH! HEH! CAN I TAKE IT!

THE LEHIGH BURR

Vol. XLVII

January, 1933

No. 5

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SEYBOLD

THE GREEK'S WORD FOR IT

The Greeks must have had some word that was to designate that brutish, bone-smashing, breath-taking sport of sports—rasslin'. When they threw a pair of alpha-beta-gamma-deltas into the ring, just as today, the whole surrounding arena must have chortled for blood. (Not an advt.)

However, even the wildest of wooly woolies succumbs to some sweet femme voice and spends the remainder of his days putting ascissors on a bawling kid at 4 a. m. It happens to be more than a coincidence that this January Wrestling Number should follow the Faculty. But, after all the valentine and other "pros," it would do the rassler well to **follow** the Faculty!

Our word for it is: **Success**, wrestlers!**GALLANT FOX CLUB**

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MEATS

Broad Street Market

Bethlehem, Pa.

Phone 558

Evidently prosperity is coming back. Look at that cloud of smoke coming out of the steel works.

Aw, that's just the rust they scrape off the machinery.

—BURR—

In that beautiful new song they allude to our outer covering as mere hide. It sorta takes the flavor out of good old lusty flesh.

ARTISTS CONVERSING

"You'd like to get a wrist lock?
Go right ahead, I shan't object,
If you let me get my favorite scissors.

Of course you may knock me down,

But go easy on the shoulder.

Yeh, I'll watch your left leg;

I'll twist the right one instead.

Think I'll try an aeroplane swing,

But I'll not throw you hard.

Okay, you may get a split,

But you needn't get so rough.

Stand lightly on my ankle.

What? No expression on my face?

How's this for agony, huh?

Look, time's almost all used up.

Why not throw me early tonite,

And I'll treat you to dinner.

I'm in a hurry; got a date.

That looked too easy,

Better let me up again.

I'll act groggy—do you stuff.

For Pete's sake! hurry up.

This babe is awfully tough."

—M.H.B.

—BURR—

MORE RAMBLINGS OF THAT
DISEASED BUT OBERVANT
OLD LEHIGH MIND

Vertebrate Histogenesis

Serology and Immunology.

Don't worry

It's only Biology.

* * * *

Thomlinson Fort

Isn't so short.

* * * *

"Doc" Richards

And athletics,

Give Jack Petrikin

Lots of headaches.

* * * *

Richard DeGray

Should have his own way.

* * * *

Austy Tate

(The thought just struck me)

Might trade in the Auburn

For a Knute Rockne.

Our Advertisers

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Koch Brothers

Lehigh University

Marble Top

Morris (Himself)

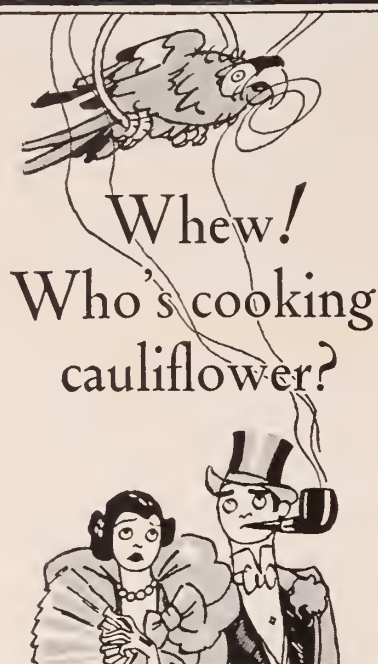
Orpheum Dance Palace

Sanders-Reinhardt

Shelton Hotel

Ueata Lunch

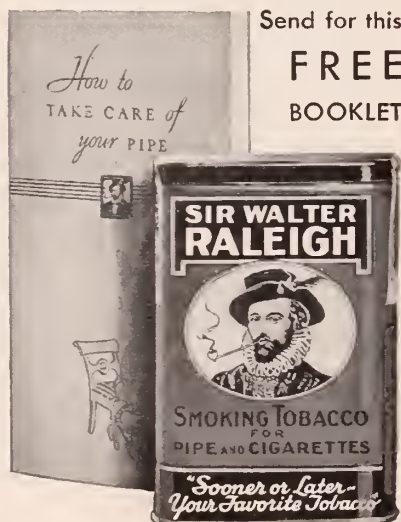
Wilbur Trust Company



WHEN you smoke a foul, reeking pipe, you may think you're getting away with it with your hostess. But you can't fool a bird.

For your own sake as well as others, start today smoking a *good* tobacco in a well-groomed pipe. Sir Walter Raleigh's mild mixture of Kentucky Burleys is an excellent tobacco. It's so mild that it always pleases the most haughty hostess. And it's so rich, fragrant and full-bodied that it will give you infinite satisfaction. Your tobacco store has it—kept fresh in gold foil.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
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It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Make Your Choice

Perhaps the chief difference between the Nudists and the new rival cult, the Prudists, lies in the conflicting opinions of these two camps concerning clothes. For example, the costume of the Nudist camp is characterized by a certain attitude of abandon and laissez-faire which cannot fail to identify its "wearer" as he is jokingly called. The cheerful members of this cult go in for shedding their clothing and prancing around in some secluded spot, such as Hess's window at high noon; and their casual attitude is expressed in the popular slogan "Isn't nature just simply grand?"

On the other hand, Camp Prudist (which is located on the other side of the question behind a spacious fraternity house) looks down upon the idea of shedding all of one's clothing and making a Rembrandt Nude out of oneself. In contrast to these Nudists, their typical costume consists of long woolen underwear, heavy chinchilla ulster, rubber boots, an "L" sweater, and if possible an old beer barrel. Their conservative mien is expressed by the motto "No nudes is good nudes."

This rival cult of Prudism was founded as a result of the recent spread of Nackculture to this hitherto virgin country. In vain our leading clergymen has been pleading for America to keep its shirt on. The youth of our college had read of the success of the Princeton and Lafayette Nudist cults, in the views on the subject published recently by that powerful organ, the Burr, and have determined to out-strip our collegiate rivals. This new fad swept the college; it was as unanimous as the dissention over the football season. Nudists were followed by more Nudists, who in turn were followed by the police. The Clothing Manufacturers of America were faced with bankruptcy, the Pants Pressers Guild went to the dogs, and the old-fashioned Brassiere-makers stock went as low as my Physics mark. The end had come.

It was at this crucial moment that our new cult, by Lehigh men for Lehigh men, came to the aid of its nation. The Prudists held that a beautiful body was a thing to be proud of, but after observing the torsos of their rivals they saw just how few had reason to be proud, and decided upon the idea of the more clothes the better, and in some cases recommended false faces and long grey beards.

In addition to these aesthetic reasons, the Prudists advocated the return of the old-fashioned trouser

for several more practical reasons. 1—In order to hold down one's suspenders; 2—In order to supply pockets in which to carry cigar stubs, flasks, crib notes, peanuts and pretzels, etc.; 3—To roll up as when in wading; 4—To wear to bed when pajamas are in the wash; 5—For the purpose of scratching matches on; 6—For telling if male or female (however, this last suggestion is not at all guaranteed.)

Our hope is in time to restore the trouser to its former position in the social strata of this fair nation, but as the present I am worried about somebody bringing my trousers back so I can get to that Physics class at eleven.

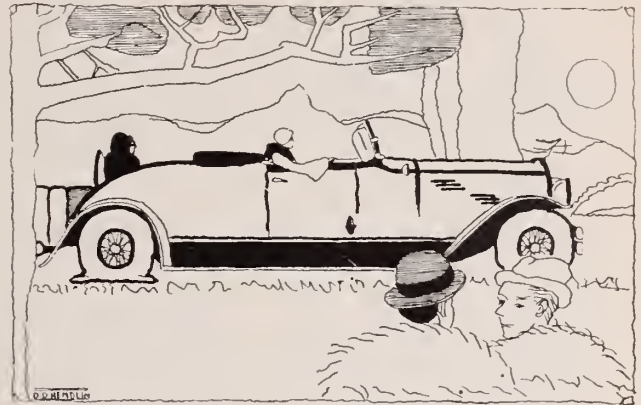
—H.M.

—BURR—

He was an engineer, and he certainly did show the strain.

—BURR—

Modern Mother—"Willie you have been a naughty boy. Go to the vibrator and give yourself a good shaking."



GIRL WITH FLAT TIRE (S. P. E.)

"What's the idea of equipping your home with a sprinkling system and so many fire extinguishers?"

"I'm taking no chances. Something is always burning up my slangy daughter, my wife is always burning up with indignation, and my son is one of these flaming youths; and one or the other of them is bound to set fire to the house."

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available to both women and men
(suits free).



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REASONABLE PRICES

A WRESTLING MATCH

In the third balcony of a gym, in the row beyond the last one sit Katsy Rooter and his beloved Kitty Tooter like sardines in a can. Sitting on his imagination, if you want to call it that, is Katsy with a derby down over his ears, a bottle of pop in one hand, and a pair of field glasses in the other.

Sitting on an entirely different imagination is Kitty with a telescope and a hot dog.

Katsy, sighting through his field glasses —
"Throw him on his ear!"

"What hold is that?"

"A crotch hold. What do you care?"

"Oh!"

"Use that flying mare."

"I didn't know there was any horse-play in this game."

"My God, he's almost down."

Utter silence.—"Yeah, he's down," cries Kitty.

"Hey! You're hollerin' for the wrong guy."

"Oh, I think he's cute. Hurray! Beat him up."

"Shut up willya?"

"I won't. I like his ears. Yay! Tarvyard. Yeammmp."

Katsy—"Haw-Haw."

Kitty—"That dirty bum."

"Who me?"

"No. No, of course not."

"O. K. I guess I'm all right."

"Atta boy, Pete, serves him right."

"Who's foot is that sticking up in the air?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, what's all the noise about?"

"Yay! He's thrown. He win the match. Let's go home."

"Katsy, what's a cross body ride?"

"You wouldn't understand."

"Well I've been for lots of different kind of rides, but I've never had one of those."

"I'll tell you next week."

"Katsy?"

"Well?"

"Who won?"

Katsy, with superhuman patience—"We did."

"Well, I don't see how we won. I heard everybody hollering, 'Kill em,' and they're still alive aren't they?"

BANG — BANG — BANG.

F.C.H., JR.

—BURR—

It's fine now to go out with a 1932 license on your car.



EDITORIAL RAMBLINGS

(The guest conductor of our Something-Ought-To-Be-Done-About-It Column this month is the genial manager of the varsity wrestlers, the objects of our humble dedication. Frankie, no relation to the notoriously popular Johnnie, writes with unheard of fluency for a business man. What say, Doc?)

Success for a Lehigh team is not altogether unheard of. The annals of dear alma mammy's athletic history are here and there dotted with spectacular season records. We have the basketball team of 1911; in fact, before that a searching eye may read of the noble efforts made by eleven men (how could they ALL be enrolled as students in 1877?) who puddled three teams a week for the entire season, and then returned to the steel plant. (Iron men, those boys) Many teams have waxed prosperous since those Let's-Go-Down-And-See-Them-Off days.

The Sheridan wrestlers have undergone a miraculous metamorphosis during the past five or six years. All this has been done without a single BROWN AND WHITE straw vote, and that, gentle reader, is something! Billy and his boys did it; come around sometime and watch a personality mould a champion. This year will be as interesting to wrestling as an argument to the gentleman from Idaho, ex-Senator Borah, what with three champs and the very great possibility of the N. I. W. A. meeting in Bethlehem. The atrophy of Stage-Whisper Hirshberg and the ineligibility of Champion Dalling have already caused the managers to burn candles and face East

six times a day for Muzzuein's call.

Gross tete et peu de sens.

—Frank E. Delano.

—BURR—

Predictions,

on the first event of the wrestling season, are in order. Everyone is predicting. Although this publication will be in the hands of the printer after the results are history, we'll predict a bit. We don't think there will be a tie. One team will be victorious. It may be the home team, but we're not sure. There are many who agree with us, for there's a bit of gambling and only fools bet against the sun's setting at night. You might say that there are "fools" betting on Harvard. You have the right spirit. We also predict that there will be the usual revival of the expression, "I told you so." We'll probably use it ourselves. At present everyone wonders if we have enough sure winners to offset the possible losers. We're so used to feeling that a meet is in the bag that we want to go into everyone with that feeling. It's a bit early in the winter to have everything "on ice."

Around The Mats

a few days ago thirty afternoon loafers—we were there—were watching the Harvard meet eliminations. The third match was fast and close. One of the grapplers dropped on his head into an arch. A few of us felt the back of our heads for the resultant lump. The match continued. They rolled and struggled and finally the better man was ready for the catch. As we looked about it was ever apparent that the winner wasn't fighting one man. He was struggling against all of us as we winced, tightened our shoulder muscles and attempted to pull up from the mat.

Ballyhoo

is that stuff that makes us want something, be it a non-throat-irritating cigarette, the election of a certain candidate, or the victory of a certain wrestler. Back to the Harvard meet eliminations again—two wrestlers, one whose name and fame we all know, and the other, X, practically unknown. We all picked the winner, but the bout didn't confirm our choice. At least the first six minutes didn't. Things were bad. The situation, hopeless. The Harvard meet was lost. Then our favorite got his chance and tossed the unknown—the interloper. All was well. The ballyhooed man had come through. We'll win the Harvard affair. We went home with a certain feeling of satisfaction in our hearts.

"Tradition"

is a bunch of hokum." Your belief. My belief. Everyones belief. Tradition, of course, being an intangible something that supports or calls for things more intangible, but as distasteful, to all of us, as regulations are to the freshmen. Ask us what tradition is and we'll orate for hours as disjointedly as though we were trying to discuss Technocracy. Discussions bring to mind the past football season and situation. How often, during the past holiday season, did you take your ride on "that football team" and then retaliate by calling attention to the wrestling team? Practically every time. What is that thing behind our wrestling team support? An intangible something supporting something we really like. It is possible that this could be tradition?

Nationalities,

like religion, can be the basis of light argument or great hate. This little truth turned the past football season into a picnic—for the coaching staff. The big boy from Boston had under him a Slovak, a Jew, an Irishman and—a Scotch trainer. The Scotchman fought

off the mob. The Irishman led the mob with his daily insinuations about "a Scotchman mixed up in a Greek sport." But Billy holds only the proverbial love of his compatriots for their brick-tossing neighbors. Indications of this friendly spirit are found in his tale of earlier days when he was in a shipbuilder's boarding house in the land of the plaid. The watchman as he made the rounds in the morning: "Five o'clock i' th' mornin' an all's well—an Irishman drowned i' th' Clyde — Five o'clock i' th' mornin' an' all's well."



YOU SHOULD TAKE A B. S.
IN DRAMATICS

Heat Treating

isn't so hot. At least Ed Legge doesn't think so. Two hours to heat up the furnace. Two more hours to heat up the sample. Another hour to hold the sample at constant high temperature. Might as well let the thing cool in the furnace. A tough afternoon, but another mean job finished. Better clean up a bit and then rush for dinner. Just one glance at the results. Could the damn thing have burned through the crucible, or wasn't it ever in there? Yes, there it is on the work bench. Just another day—not so hot.

Interruptions,

even at a knock down and drag out like a Mustard and Cheese production, are a bit bothersome. They would be passed off as just one of those things, were they perpetrated by an underclassman, or, at the worst, an undergraduate. But when the lights were lighted between the acts of **Lady Windermere's**

Fan and we saw Bosie Reiter vainly attempting to repair a chair he had demolished in the dark, we gave up and decided to just try to be nice.

Realism

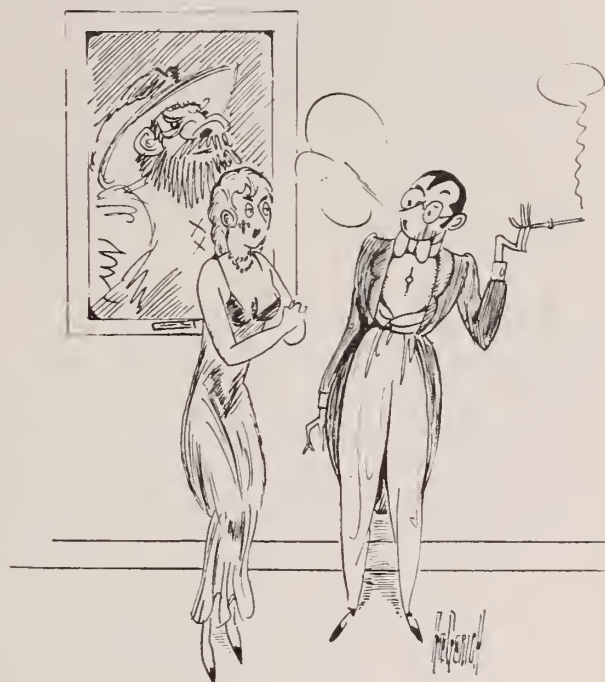
is a fine thing, but can be carried to extremes. As a discouraged lover, C. Brooks Peters, last seen on the stage in the same production, announces his departure from London, "never to return." The curtain drops. The lights flash up. The stage door opens and out flies C. Brooks, costume, make-up, and bag—apparently headed foah New Yawk.

Valentines

in the bag of an ex-officio Santa Claus may need explaining. We've been after the art department since the appearance of the last issue, only to be evaded. They refuse to rebut, so editorial looks things over. Valentines, issued about Thanksgiving and Easter, appearing among the impediments of one who journeys forth at Christmas. There are so many holidays involved that the artist thought he might as well suggest a New Year's resolution. Whose resolution? Your turn to answer.

A Great Speaker

is this man "Fritz" Crisler—he to the contrary, explains his claims with the story of a talk in New Jersey. The man who had invited him as principal speaker, offered Crisler ten dollars toward his expenses. He refused the money, but allowed the N. J. association to add it to their fund which, he learned later, was to be used to get better speakers for next year. The new Princeton coach, defending football's future, was eloquent enough to change the mood of several hundred Rotarians and thirty Le-



"Is that a dray horse you have there?"

"No, it's a brown horse, and stop your baby talk!"

—BURR—

high footballmen from amusedness to anger, to contemplation, to resolution. When first selected as coach he had doubts about the type of men at Princeton. But a newly elected chaplain's reference to the sons of Princeton undergraduates assured him of their virility.

Beer Parties

are an institution in this valley. A particularly fine institution and finer yet when held by brothers of a Lehigh and a Lafayette chapter of the same fraternity—promote good feeling, or the opposite. Just why sixty men should journey over to Jersey, spend forty dollars and have rotten beer served in a cubby hole that comfortably accommodates ten, is more than the men themselves have been able to decide. The entire incident will ultimately be charged up to research.

Interfraternity Council

is ill—probably dying. Its members are now quite lifeless, the most lively representative being one who oratorizes against the dean for his continued opposition—for the last three years—to a Council dance at mid terms. The dean asks, "Why a dance?" so



THAT MUSIC IS VIOL!

do we. We also ask, "Why Interfraternity Council?"—to give its presiding officer O. D. K. points, perhaps—as good a reason as any. Should any member feel so inclined, he may rise, move the formation of a committee for research into the matter of group purchase of vanilla extract, have his partner second the motion, move for nominations of committeemen, nominate, close nominations, hope for action and retire, having given I. C. one of its most worthwhile and exciting meetings—excepting, of course, outbursts from the dean's friend, the dance promoter.



Bud Hanna—I slept with that fellow all last semester.

Bill Crouse—Were you room-mates?

Bud—No, we sat together in Bus. 20.

Cyanide

also seems to be having trouble, but of a different order. None of the present members have the vaguest notion of the meaning of Cyanide. Last year's delegation forgot to pass the secret along—assuming that they knew it. The present group isn't sure if there's a constitution. At the first meeting of the fiscal and current year the identity of the incumbent president was the only thing on which there was a general agreement. Only after fifteen minutes of finger counting had anyone ever a fair idea of the absentees—there being no roll. Finally Garry Grier recalled that he had been elected, not only treasurer, but secretary. And Cyanide fights on. A few days ago, the group picture was taken after someone went up the hill for Fugard—he'd forgotten. Should you

be interested in seeing the picture, buy a next year's Epitome, which will be on sale this Spring for the usual high price.

Pre-Vacation Snow,

despite pre-vacation quizzes, made us alpine minded enough to remember our skis and last year's bruises from use of same. But we resolved to try again. Eventually we were at the top of the mountain ready to come down the road for a first trial. We moved to one side when we heard the familiar putt, putt, putt. The officer passed, saw the skis and stopped to ask us if we knew that the University did not allow campus skiing—a measure adopted in behalf of campus trees. We hope the administration won't always harbor such views.

Family Friends

in Bethlehem, appreciating the feelings of a boy away from home, sometimes extend a dinner invitation. Howels and Hower, both named Ed, are neighbors in Warren Square. A phone call informed Hower Ed that family friends invited him to dinner. Could he come? Delighted. Could he bring a friend? That is, did he care to? Yes, that would be ever so nice. When the family friends failed to recognize Hower, Ed it was decided that he'd grown ever so much in the past year. And didn't he wear his glasses anymore? How are all the folks in Johnstown? Hower, Ed was stumped. Who wouldn't have been? A laugh. A free dinner. Howells, Ed, of Johnstown had been invited to dinner that evening.

—R.R.S.

—BURR—

A stop sign is a thing that persuades you to buy tickets to the Policemen's Ball for not stopping for.

—BURR—

A now worldly-wise senior is the hero of this tale. It seems that he was reared on the Eastern Shore district of Maryland, in a typical town of that region wherein all of the natives gather at the station every odd Friday to watch the train come in. Just before his time came due to enter Lehigh, this one decided to make one trip to Philadelphia, his first to a big city. He arrived in the Broad Street Station and started to give the place the once over . . . Several days later he returned home, and, when asked by a group of the gaping natives what he thought of the big city, he replied, "It was a mighty big, fine place, but I never knew before that it had a roof over it."



"I see the Mayor of New York is going to perform the marriage ceremony for some chap."

"I believe a Mayor has that right."

"Um. A man could lose a lot of votes that way."

He: "When Count Blasee saw the enemy coming he ran away. I call that rank cowardice."

She: "No. He said that he remembered that the earth was round and that he was going around to attack them in the rear."



YOU SHOULD SEE PETE'S SPLIT SCISSORS

First Frosh: "Why does a player pick up two bats when he goes to the plate?"

Second Frosh: "It makes one bat seem lighter, don't you see?"

First Frosh: "I see. It's a fine scheme. I think I'll try that on the biscuits up at the Psi U. house."

Hen—You said your wife would not be content until you had a three-car garage, and now that you have one I suppose she is?

Peck—No, the neighbors now have an airplane hangar in their back yard.

Letters They Never Received

New York City.

My Dear Mr. Sheridan:

Due to the fact that the winter trading season in baseball has been occupying our time and holding our attention for the past month here at Columbia, I have not had time to write you until now with reference to a little matter which has been on my mind.

We have noticed that you've got a couple of fair wrestlers down there at Podunk and we think some sort of a trade might be arranged between our athletic departments to the mutual advantage of both institutions. We prefer cash deals but would be willing to part with both O'Reilley and Staniscowitz, two damn good heavies with wonderful references for this boy Bishop of yours.

You also have a kid named Peck or something like that. For him we could let you have a couple of fellows who just blew in from Texas and would also be very willing to throw in three or four good hard-working assistant managers on the deal. For a prompt answer to this little suggestion of ours, we would be more than willing to include in the trade two slightly used rubbing tables as well as a large sized bottle of Sloan's Liniment.

Hoping to hear from you immediately, I am

Respectfully yours,

Q. Oswald Stiffe,

Columbia University.

—BURR—

The party was hilarious. Everyone was certainly having a great time. 'Lotta drinks, 'lotta women, 'lotta fun all around. Even the stray couples who had been left (?) by themselves were making the best of it.

In the large hall a group of the merrymakers were making merry. Three more cases of champagne had just arrived, the men saw their dreams of a real party about to come true, and the women—well, just what do women imagine in a case like that? Anyway, what a night!

Suddenly there came a knock at the door. The bedlam ceased abruptly, and a stony silence fell upon the revelers.

"My husband!" was the fearful thought in every woman's mind. Whereupon the men scuttled for cover, leaping out the windows, and dashing for the back door. Came another knock. Every woman trembled, expecting her husband to come in.

He came!

It was Brigham Young!

—E.N.H.



LAUGHING AT HIS EXPENSE!

REMINISCES

You broke my heart
When you said goodbye that night
And told me that
You hadn't meant it all
I thought often
Of moments in your arms
And of that kiss
That set my passion afire.
Now I wonder
Why was I so melancholy,
For I realize
That I too was insincere.

—BURR—

We had a big argument up at our house last night.

Was there any trouble?

No. Joe and Harry were inebriated. They were trying to prove to sober old Bill that there was a God.

Well! Who won?

God lost. The drunks forgot what they were arguing about.

THINGS TO GIVE THANKS FOR

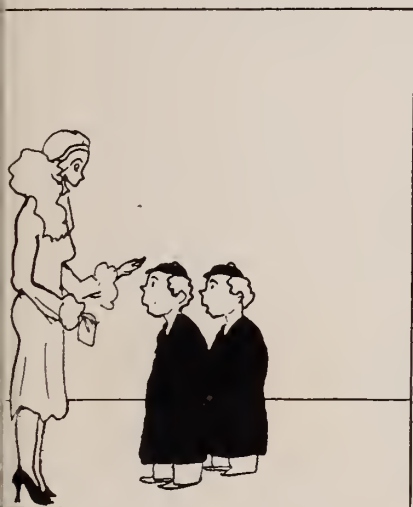
That she had a car.
 That she only drank twenty beers.
 That you only spent twenty dollars.
 That she didn't leave the dance with one of the brothers.
 That she did leave the dance with one of the brothers.
 That the English Dept. didn't block ALL the doors at the Club.
 That houseparty comes but once a year.
 That this is the end.

—F. B. M. Jr.

—BURR—

He—How is your neck?

Him—Fine, how's yours?



Bearded: Professor Shields will now play a selection on the Auto-Harp.

Lady: Yeh, he Auto Harp someplace else.

—BURR—

It looks as though the fellow who picked the ten best movies for 1932 struck in a bunch of German pictures to keep himself out of a lot of arguments.

—BURR—

Ashes to ashes.
 Dust to dust.
 If fraternities don't fold up,
 The college must.

Horse Show

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Horse

Buyer

Seller

Setting: Mostly the horse.

Buyer: (seeing seller with horse) I'd like to buy yon hawse, suh.

Seller: 'Taint fer sale.

Buyer: How much?

Seller: Ten dollars, but he sets on eggs.

Buyer: 'S all right, suh. Cheap at half the price.

Seller: OK, five dollars, but he sets on eggs.

Buyer: But I have no eggs. Here's your five.
 (Horse changes hands—not his own, since he has none—but his owners.)

Seller: Don't say I ain't warned ya. He sets on

eggs anywhere.

Buyer: Thanks and goodbye. I'll watch him.

(Buyer and horse begin journey homeward in the course of which horse knocks over ten egg-carriers and sets on their baskets of eggs. Buyer pays for eggs and apologizes each time. Finally they come to a small stream which they must ford. The horse sets in the middle of the stream and refuses to move. At the end of an hour's struggle buyer returns to place of sale and seeks out seller.)

Buyer: Ten times that hawse set on eggs. Ten times I apologized and payed. Now he sets in yon creek. There could be no eggs there, what — —

Seller: Oh, I forgot. He also sets on fish.

Curtain.

—R.R.S.



PHI GAM AND DATES ON THE WAY TO THE INTERFRATERNITY BALL!

First Adonis: I don't care for dancing.

Second Smoothie: No? And why not?

First Chi Psi: Dancing is stupid. It is only necking set to music."

Second One: And what's wrong with that, brother Lawdger?

The First: The music.

—BURR—

DID'JA EVER?

Did'ja ever
Meet an appealing
woman
Who affected you differently
Than ever before, could
Dance like a woman possessed
And yet was interesting and
Intelligent, loving
And passionate,
Disregarded conventions,
And offered to teach you
To live, and then you
Found out that she
Had once been nuts about
An English prof.
And yuh felt regusted,
Did'ja ever?

—M.H.B.

BURPS

When at the movie a lover's scene
Is being shown upon the screen,
Because you've eaten bad cuisine—
Have you ever burped?

When in the midst of a goodbye kiss,
Floating along on such heavenly bliss,
Have you ever been guilty of this—
Burp?

When swinging along to the music of Guy
Have you ever wished that you could die
When, instead of a loving sigh—
You burped?

In the midst of a lecture by Neil
You may yet have the privilege to feel
That you just can't conceal—
A burp.

When drinking down your thirtieth beer,
Although your head is none too clear,
Do you ever notice that you can hear—
Burps and burps and burps?

F. B. M. JR.

—BURR—

Ben: Do you think this 3% beer will satisfy.
Pete: Hell no! It won't be able to get a fellow
drunk enough for him to forget the damned tax
on it.



YOU MUST COME OVER AND SEE OUR
ARBORETUM!

I really don't know if I should smoke...

...but my brothers and my sweetheart smoke, and it does give me a lot of pleasure.

Women began to smoke, so they tell me, just about the time they began to vote, but that's hardly a reason for women smoking. I guess I just like to smoke, that's all.

It so happens that I smoke CHESTERFIELD. They seem to be milder and they have a very pleasing taste.



the Cigarette that's Milder

the Cigarette that Tastes Better

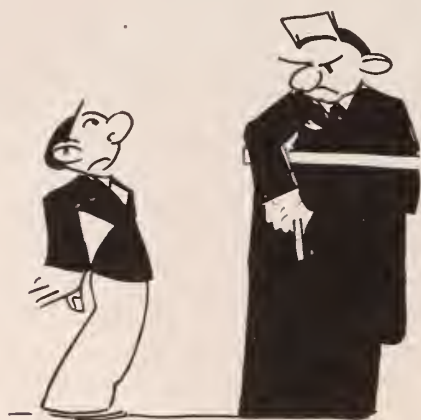
A SAGA OF THE SEIZE

(THIS IS NOT A LOVE STORY)

Written by C. N. Crichton, (who is now sorry that he wrote it).

One fall two freshmen met in a very unusual manner while purchasing necessary headwear at Smultzenberg and Smultzenberg's haberdashery shop and decided to become roommates. One was named Reginald Lovewell and Reginald came from Minersville, Pa. The other was named Butch Yutsky and Butch came from Minersville too. (hm! funny they never met before).

Now both boys took an immediate liking to each other which soon bloomed into a beautiful friendship. Peculiarly enough both Reginald and Butch, reading of the wonderful wrestling teams of which the university boasted, and being both heavily en-



dowed with the good old do-or-die-for Pelham spirit, early contracted a keen desire to be wrestlers. Also, both of the boys were large physically, Reginald tipping the scales at 110 lbs. and Butch (bless his little soul) weighing scarcely two pounds more.

The trouble with Reginald was that he had all his weight in his feet, and Butch had all his poundage in his . . . (well, you know where). At any rate they made excellent subjects for each other, and frequently held little practice set-tos in the downstairs sitting room of their boarding house when the landlady was out.

One day, just as they had kicked over the fish bowl which stood in front of the window on the east side of the room and were quite busily engaged in scrambling after the squirmy little devils, doggone if the landlady didn't walk in. Realizing that neither of the boys were studying biology, since neither had signed up for that course, the landlady, Mrs. Shultz by name, was enraged in no uncertain manner.

Quite abashed, both Reginald and Butch slunk immediately up to the hole in the wall that Mrs. Shultz called their room and did not even show their faces for dinner. (Think what the other boarders were missing!)

Undaunted in spirit, however, both boys resolved to let no little incident such as this dampen their ardor, and in consequence, the next afternoon found them once again securely ensconced in their old position in the sitting room, having made sure to kick over the fish bowl before they started to wrestle, thus avoiding any disastrous accidents which might result, and also having first ascertained that Mrs. Shultz had made good her threat to go and see for the fourth time, Ronald Coleman in "A Lover's Kiss." (Now showing at the Palace.)

First Reginald took Butch to the carpet and then Butch took Reginald down. The third time they went at it, down they went together in a sort of a convulsive lump from which they did not immediately untangle. In fact they did not untangle at all; swept along by the spirit of the occasion and the fierceness of the competition, suddenly both Reginald and Butch found their arms, legs and torsos entangled in such a confounding and mysterious sort of a mess that neither could move except to a more disadvantageous position.

Minutes passed and every desperate move taken by either grappler only served to tie them up into a more complicated knot. They were getting nowhere fast, and the cruel hand of fate was piling up a tremendous time advantage. Reginald, who was a little better acquainted with the finer points of the game and a little better versed in the various and sundry terms, regained his equilibrium long enough to satisfy himself that the hold employed by Butch was the double reverse barroom lock and bolt hold, whereas the one with which he held Butch in his firm grasp was the compound triple scissors neck and toe held.

The sad part of this story comes right here. Mrs. Shultz met her cousin Lucy from Hellertown at the movies and decided to go visit with her for a few days. When she got back three days later, there lay Reginald and Butch in the sitting room, both dead from a complication of strangulation, starvation, complete exhaustion and W. B. O. (wrestlers' body odor—one of the deadliest of gasses).

IVY-MAD AND PLAIN NUTS

—An EDDIE-torial—

Well here it is Tuesday and I gotta rite this kolum. Heh! Heh! Here is a pome that your Eddie writ almost by hisself.

The boy stood on the burning deck;
The breaking waves dashed high.
O watta lousy team we got;
Your mother will come bye and bye.

Pretty good, huh? O course it may sound a bit familiar, but Eddie is the boy who really wrote it. The others stole from him. Sure, ask Ben.

* * *

LISTEN TO THIS!

Eddie dearest:

It sure was swell of you to give me so much publicity, but on the other leg (I mean hand, heh, heh) it may hurt my reputation. Oh no, I don't mean that—but you see, most of the boys will think that I know you and as a consequence I will surely lose the popularity to build up which I have worked so diligently. Please correct this false impression tell them that it was coincidental that we decided to hail the same taxi while on the bridge. And please don't come to my house anymore—Mother is particular whom I drag home—you understand, people will begin to talk.

Don't forget our date and if you bring somebody along, make it **Somebody**, and not one of your Paw Dealt her Thigh cronies.

Devotedly,

Aggie

OF ALL THINGS!

Well I see that another issue of that would-be comic, the Burr, is out. Basketball has started and wrestling will soon be under way. I guess both teams will have lousy records this year as they have always had. What an out-of-date cut system we have—Such awful proms—lousy weather—rotten school spirit. Why doesn't someone fire the entire faculty and get a new student body as well. Don't forget to suscribe to the REVIEW.

* * *

A SUBTLETRY (?)

What prominent student receives so many letters in pink envelopes from his home town, and is apparently that way about the sender. I won't men-

tion any names but he is captain of three major sports, editor of several major publications, is president of the freshman class, hails from Podunk, and his name commences with the letter B and ends with Y. His initials are—but that would be just like telling you.

* * *

Take it away, Ben.

EDDIE
M.H.B.



BURR SPECIAL?

AIN'T IT A AWFUL FEELIN'

You've spent two weeks arranging
For a car, and cash, and a date.
You've picked a celebrated deb,
With her to play with fate.
You dress up in your roommate's clothes,
And prepare a line of bunk.
"O Lord!" you think "a quizz at eight,
And you must cram or flunk."
Ain't it a awful feelin'?

With finals again upon us,
But they're arranged quite well,
You prepare a week-end in New York
With the town's most famous belle.
Exemptions at last are posted,
(You're set for one great spree)
On Saturday morn a final!!
Good old M. S. & T.
Ain't it a awful feelin'?

Life's Little Tragedies No. 1

Now Red McFinn
Was exceedingly thin,
And so was his twin brother Ray
They both carried lead
In their pockets, 'tis said,
So the wind wouldn't blow 'em away.

Their doctor advised
Some good exercise
To bring back their old appetites
So to Fleahigh they came
For that ole Wrasslin' game
Since their Irish was keen for the fights.

Now the first time, I'm told
They tried Sheridan's holds
They got all tangled up like spaghetti.
And poor ole Doc Bull
Tho' he pushed and he pulled
Would never have untied 'em yet.

Had not Thomlinson Fort
Been a darn good sport
With his knowledge of puzzles so queer
He speedily guessed
How to untie the mess
And spared 'em a side show career.

Though they scaled but one-twenty
They had heighth a-plenty
For they stood six feet-eight without hats.
And, since Fleahigh's a college
Of grapplin' knowledge
They learned all the tricks of the mats.

The best in their weights
Met embarassin' fates
In a "rope hold" used by the twins.
These remarkable brothers
Wrapped their frames 'round the others
And tied 'em up, arms and shins.

But to their alarm
The sport did 'em harm
For they ate lots and gained no fat.
But the lure of the game,
The praise and the fame,
Kept both of 'em out on the mat.

So they melted away
'Till one sorrowful day
Red caused much sadness and pain



Sigma Nu: You know, sixteen million oysters are used to make one pearl necklace.

Chi Phi: My goodness, you wouldn't think oysters were so intelligent.

—BURR—

For while in the tub
He pulled out the plug
And then disappeared down the drain.

So poor Ray, with a tear,
Drowned his sorrows in beer
And left dear ole Fleahigh flat
Having lost all his spunk
He packed up his trunk
And journeyed to old Allenstadt.

And there he lives now
With his fat German "frau"
But he hasn't forgotten poor Red
And he drinks so much beer
To keep up his cheer
He's as fat as his wife, so 'tis said.

He owns a large bar
And drives a big car
His financial condition is fine
From experience, he's wise.
For his chief exercise.
He bends pretzels in his spare time.

Now the tale I've just told,
To most matmen is old.
But the moral is strikingly clear.
To be safe from cruel fate,
You must keep your weight.
So consume lotsa pretzels and beer.

J.E.T.JR.



"HAVE YOU ANYTHING ON FOR TONIGHT DEAR?"
—Ski-U-Mah.

After wondering for years why they built the dome on the capitol it occurs to us that it was to provide clearance for the high hats.



Uncle Joe—"That young Jasper used to be speed crazy. What did it ever get him?"

Little Joe—"Oh, a very nice funeral."

—BURR—

Frosh: "May I have an R.O.T.C. uniform?"

Sargeant: "How do you want it—too large or too small?"

—Phoenix

—BURR—

A droll tale is told about the deaf and dumb man who had a nightmare and broke his kunckles on a bedpost, screaming.

—Lampoon

—BURR—

A drunk fell into the police station and confessed that he had pushed his wife out of a ten-story window.

"Did you kill her?" asked the sergeant.

"I don't think sho. Thash why I wanna be locked up."

—Sour Owl

—BURR—

Two Hebrew gentlemen were shipwrecked and were living on a small raft. Two days passed and they were nearly frantic. However, they, who had been scanning the horizon, now gave a happy cry.

"I see a sail."

"Wot's der use," murmured Jakey; "ve ain't got no samples."

—Iowa Frivol

NEW YEAR'S EVE WITH THE S. P. EASE

The scene is laid in a house on Market Street. The characters are the members and pledges of that brotherhood, and an old timer from the hill. As the curtain rises all are in view upon the stage.

First hilarious actar: Let's have a regular party. who has a bottle?

Second same: Here's one, but it has been empty for years. It is the same one we used at the last five houseparties.

First: No difference, it is just the idea of a bottle to give us asmosphere.

Brother Lust: Hotcha! I'm getting tite already.

Brother Jardin: Tut tut, Brother Lust, wait until twelve o'clock. Then we will all get tite together.

Old Timer: (Disgustedly) S'marrer wi' you guys. Y'oughter have wimmen.

All the fratchubbers (in chorus): Yeah. Let's go out and get some of our women.

(Exeunt all but the old timer, who reaches for the phone.)

Old Timer: Gimme a number.—What?—How do I know what number?—Any number if she is snappy enough. (Aside) Now what can she be sore about? (Aloud) Hello, Helen?—Oh yeah, Marie.—Well, how about—Sure I know you. You're Marie. We're having a little party. Thinking that she might be interested, I called the smoothest gal I know.—No, I don't dare tell you where it is. You wouldn't come.—Sure, I'll treat you right.—You'll be right over? Great.

(The O. T. hangs up laughing. Enter one of the boarders.)

One brother: (boisterously) All my women are either sick or out of town. Can you imagine me not being able to get a date? It's the depression.

Old Timer: (Aside) Oh yeah?

(Enter another hotcha boy.)

Brother Hotcha (Striking a Cassanova attitude): All my women are either sick or out of town. Can you imagine me without a date?

Old Timer (To himself) I wonder what he will do when he gets one?

(Enter third Don Juan)

Third (Trying to appear disgusted): All my women are either sick or out of town.

Old Timer (Aside, very evidently amused): I wonder what book they've been reading.

(Enter all the fraters, without women.)

Fraters: All my women—

Old Timer (To himself, seriously): Sad — very sad. Curtain. —M.H.B.

Burr-owings

From Our Contemporaries

Husband: "What kind of a day did you have?"

Wife: "Rotten. The iceman didn't come, there were no canvassers, and now you come home dead tired."

—Kitty Kat

—BURR—

A scotchman, a German, and a Jew were eating dinner together. When the meal was finished and the waiter came with the bill the Scotchman promptly said that he would take it. The next day a Jewish ventriloquist was found murdered.

—Puppet

—BURR—

The weighing machine was out of order. A fat lady clambored on and inserted a penny. An inebriated gentleman standing in the vicinity saw the scale register 75 pounds. "My God," he whispered, "she's hollow,"

—Jack O'Lantern

—BURR—

Men Only Read This

Out of ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

—Yellow Jacket

THE MARBLE TOP



ONE HUNDRED TEN EAST SECOND STREET

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THE THINKER

"When did the robbery occur?" the cross-examining lawyer asked the witness.

"I think—" he began.

"We don't care what you think; we want to know what you know," remarked the lawyer.

"Well, I may as well get off the stand then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking. I'm no lawyer."

—Alabama Rammer-Jammer

—BURR—

She: "George, there are burglars in the house. They will eat up all my pies."

He—"All right, dear, as long as they don't die in the house."

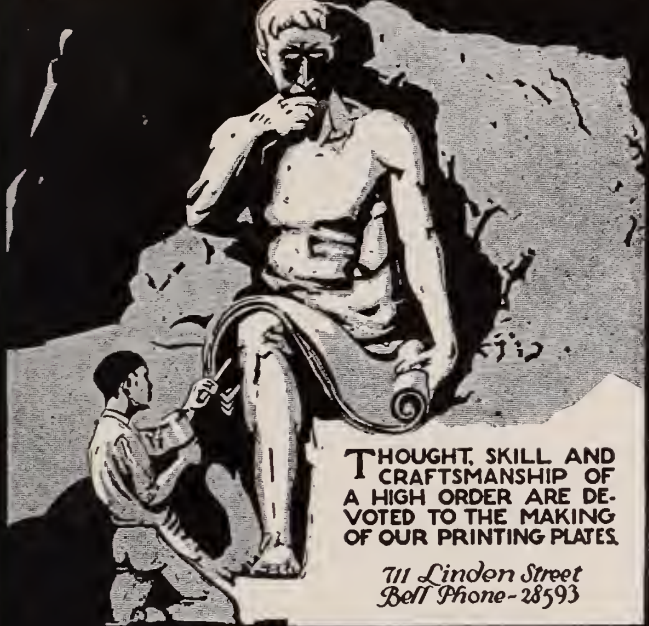
—Tiger

—BURR—

The baseball game in Farmer Jones' pasture broke up in the seventh inning when Johnny Green slid into what he thought was third base.

—The Rome Visitor

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U. S. Government Inspection

ALLENTOWN, PA.

"And what do you do when you hear the fire alarm, my good man?"

"Oh, I just up an' feel the wall, an' if it ain't hot I go back to bed."

—The Yale Record

—BURR—

Wife—"Darling, I want twenty dollars for a new dress."

Sleepy Husband—"Aw right, but let's finish this dictation first."

—Kitty Kat

—BURR—

"I wish I had my wife back."

"Where is she?"

"I sold her for a bottle of whiskey."

"So you found out that you really love her?"

"No, I'm thirsty again."

—Drexered

A TIP!

Bethlehem's best-dressed families—and LEHIGH'S "best-dressers" send their "wash" to

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BEAUTIFUL GIRLS — SNAPPY MUSIC

Popular College Contest Every
FRIDAY NIGHT

The Place to SEE and to be SEEN
Private Lessons All Afternoon



"Mother," dad said, "I'm going to find out what Jackie wants to be when he grows up. Watch."

He put a ten-dollar bill on the table; it represented the banker. Next to it he placed a brand new Bible, representing the clergyman. And beside the Bible he placed a bottle of whiskey, representing the bum.

Mother and dad hid where they could see the articles on the table. Jackie, whistling happily, entered the room and spied the arrangement on the table. He looked around to see that he was alone. Satisfied, he picked up the bill and held it to the light, and replaced it. He fingered the pages of the new Bible. He looked around once more. Then he quickly uncorked the bottle and smelled the contents. And, in a motion, he stuffed the bill in his pocket, lodged the Bible under his arm, grabbed the bottle by the neck, and slid out of the room, still whistling.

"My goodness, Mother," dad exclaimed, "he's going to be a senator!"

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

WHAT—NO CHILD?

Through the darkness, through the blinding snow, she struggled on—each struggling footstep a heart-rendering effort. Wild thoughts surged through her brain. Her father, her mother—were they still alive? Would they forgive and forget? Would they?

At last. The old home. The old door. She stumbled on—to collapse in a faint on the threshold.

"My daughter!" sobbed her mother.

"Mother!" murmured the girl.

"Where—where is your child?" demanded the her father.

"Father," she stammered, "I—I have no child."

"No child?" shrieked the old man. "Ain't yew got no respeck for tradition?" And the old man booted her back into the cold, cold night.

—Brown Jug

—BURR—

Operator—"Number, please."

Drunk (in phone booth)—"Number, hell; I want my peanuts."

—Exchange

JUST ONE NIGHT IN A BARROOM

I went up to my room one night
After drinking Christmas beer;
And my eyes perceived an awful sight
That filled my heart with fear.

My room-mate's head lay on the floor,
The desk was upside-down,
The walls were smeared with blood and gore,
And his clothes were strewn around.

A leopard skin upon the wall
Had suddenly come to life,
So I summed up all my strength and gall
And prepared for mortal strife.

Then the leopard sprang—
Oh! That gol-durned cat,
For he clawed me in the face
And he clawed me where I sat.

For he gnawed me and he chewed me
And he gouged out both my eyes;
And he tore me and he crushed me,
'Till I was but food for flies.

And then a strange thing happened,
As the Dean came through the door.
For my knees were filled with trembling
And I fell right through the floor.

For many miles I fell straight down
And passed through space for hours;
Way below were barns and cows
And fields of scented flowers.

And so I dropped for many weeks.
My eyes were seeing red.
When suddenly the earth sprang up
And bumped me on the head.

I soon awoke and opening my eyes,
My eyes so tired and sore,
I heard the boy cry "Bottoms Up"
As I lay on the barroom floor.

—E.S.C.

—BURR—

"Should evening dresses ever be worn to bridge parties?"

"No. In playing cards it is necessary to show only your hand."

—Carnegie Tech Puppet.



BRICKER'S BREAD

Is Eaten at the

Fraternities

Civil Engineers
Give Hoover
Three cheers.

* * * *

Straining like H—
To produce a laugh.
M'God won't I ever
Make the staff?



UEATA LUNCH

OPEN DAY and NIGHT

406 South New Street

Bethlehem

(South Side)

She was only a minister's daughter, but nothing ever got Pastor.

—BURR—

John was calling upon Mary, and when he arrived Mary was sewing. As he walked into the room he inquired: "What are you making?"

Mary, knowing John was somewhat bashful, replied: "Curtains for the sitting room."

—BURR—

1832—Necessity is the father of invention.

1932—Mother is the necessity of convention.

—BURR—

"Why do you always take your wife with you?"
"I'd rather take her with me than kiss her goodbye."

—The Wampus

—BURR—

A recent advertisement in a newspaper:

Girl 18, wishes housework; prefers no children, if possible.

Two barber's sons were conversing on the street one day.

1st Little Shaver: My uncle Herman remembers when it was so cold that steam from engines froze and came out like cakes of ice.

2nd Little Shaver: That's nothing, it was so cold one time that when my cousin said something the words froze in his mouth and they had to thaw him out to find out what he wanted to say.

3rd Little Shaver: Yeah? Well, my grandpa remembers when it was so cold his shadow froze to the street and he had to stick right in his tracks until Spring.

—BURR—

"You know, Henrietta, every time I see you my heart beats faster. I feel the urge to do bigger and better things. I feel so strong and virile. Do you know what that means?"

"Sure. It means in about five minutes you and I are going to have a wrestling match.

—Ohio Sun Dial



The Elephants Are Coming!!



Bethlehem is in for a real Circus next month, when the Burr presents its colossal, stupendous, death-defying

Bethlemite Issue

Don't miss this catastrophic presentation of freaks, frails, and floosies!



Shake hands with the tab collar shirt...the style hit of the season

Give the Prince of Wales credit if you want. He was the one who first adopted the tab collar shirt. But don't forget it was the college campus that took the style up and made it as popular as an All-American style.

Colleges can make or break a style. Thumbs down on a style by college men—then it's good-bye style. Thumbs up—and a new style gets its start.

It makes us proud that college men have put an enthusiastic "thumbs up" on Arrow's tab collar shirt—the Aratab. We put a lot into that shirt. We gave it the tailoring that is usually found only in custom shirts. And into

the collar—the center of the tab collar shirt—we put all the secrets learned in tailoring more than two billion collars.

The Aratab is Sanforized-Shrunk. This means that you need make no allowance for shrinkage. You can get the Aratab in your exact collar size and sleeve length—confident that the collar will still fit you perfectly, the sleeves still show the correct $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of cuff below the coat sleeve, to the end of the shirt's long and honorable career.

The Aratab comes in white and a wide range of stripes and patterns. \$1.95. © 1932, by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York

ARROW SHIRTS

SANFORIZED SHRUNK *A new shirt if one ever shrinks*

